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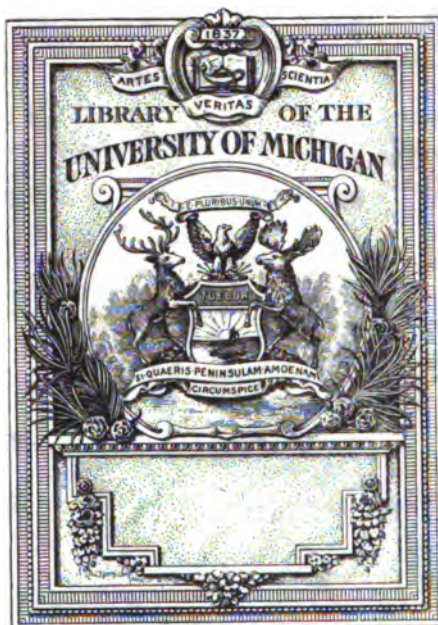
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HARVARD CELEBRITIES

A Book of Caricatures &
Decorative Drawings

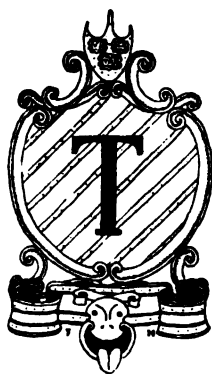
by
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Verses by
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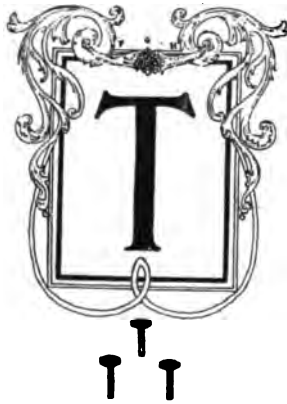


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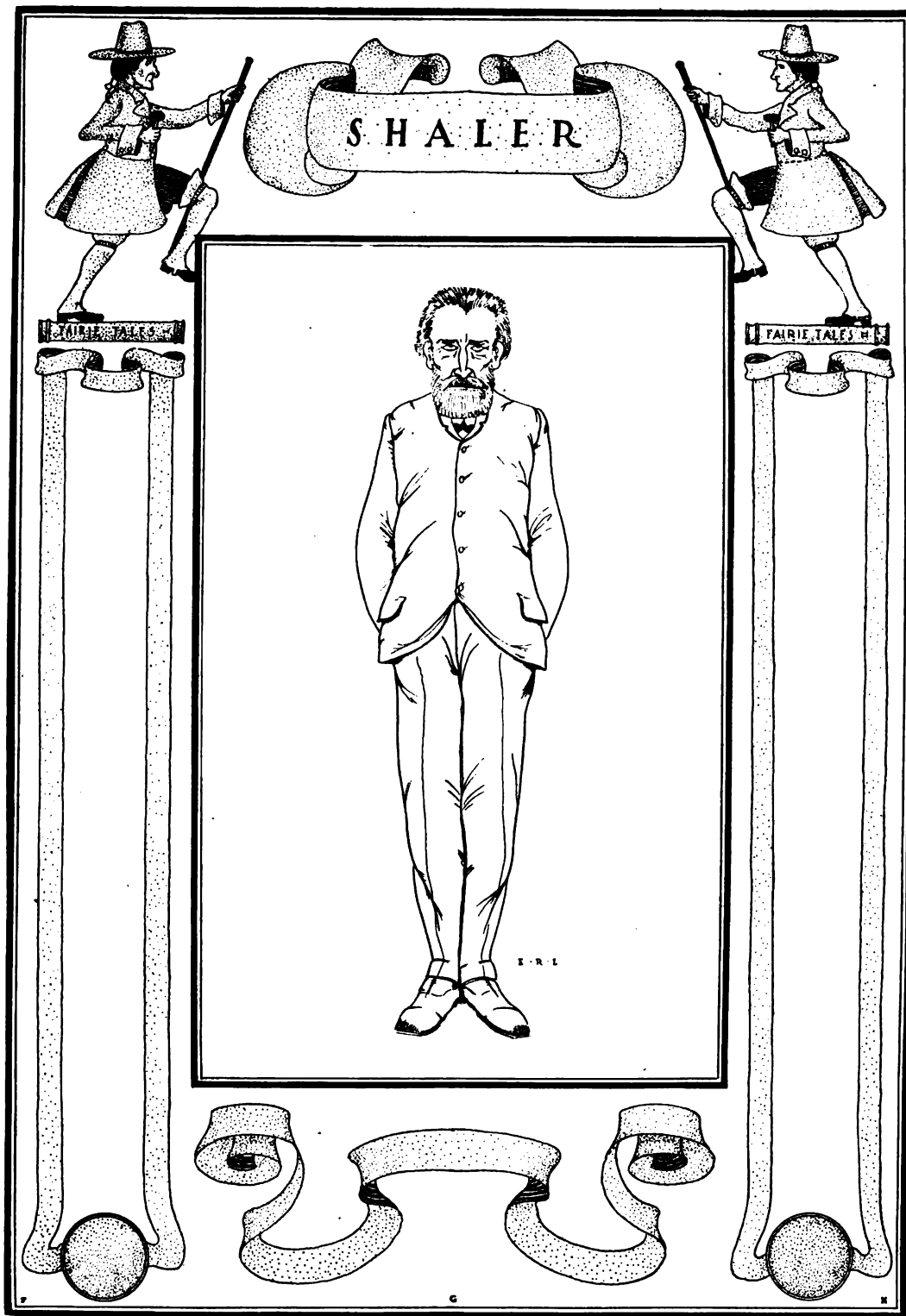
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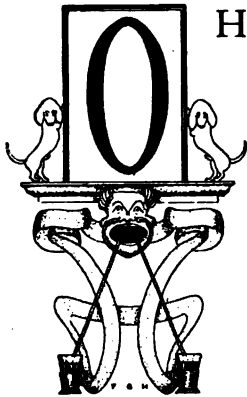


O each illustrious Celebrity
From whom this work has drawn its in-
spiration,
In gratitude and thankful courtesy
The authors humbly make this dedica-
tion.



HIS is Shaler,
Fairy-taler,
Scientific mountain-scaler,
Penetrator
Of each crater
From the poles to the equator,
Tamer of the hurricane,
Prophet of the wind and rain,
Hypnotizer
Of the geyser,
Wizard of the frozen plain.
Hark! What is that deep and distant
subterranean roar,
Arising near Memorial and reaching out to
Gore?
'Tis the rumble of applause
When the speaker makes a pause
In relating an adventure from his fund of
earthquake lore.





H, what a blow, to lose so dear a friend!

And oh, how changed the old familiar
place!

How sad our midnight meals at Herbie's
stand

Without the genial cheer of Herbie's
face!

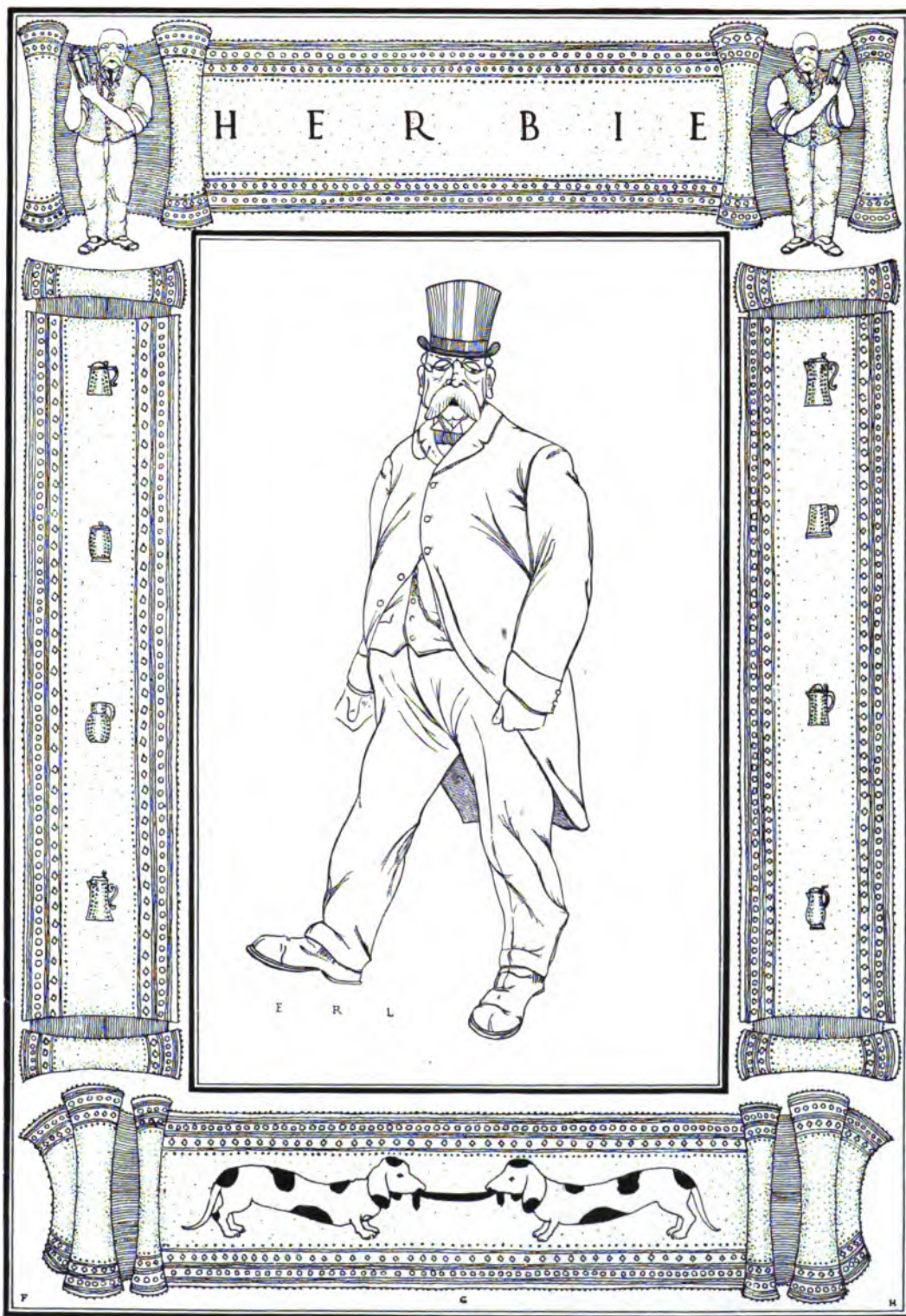
Since Herbie left us all and crossed the
ocean,

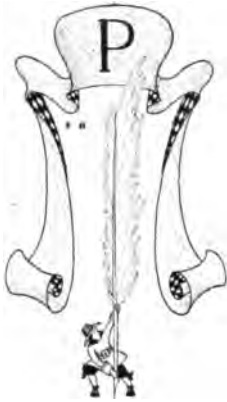
We scarce have heart to taste a custard
pie;

We cannot stow a dog without emotion,
Or drink an egg-and-milk without a
sigh.

The Voice (it seems) that sanctions him
has called,

And sent him to the van of civilization;
In fair Manila he has been installed
As Foster-father to a budding nation.





PLEASE make a careful study of this truth-
ful illustration,

And take especial notice of the subtile
connotation.

The atmosphere of London is so well sug-
gested there,

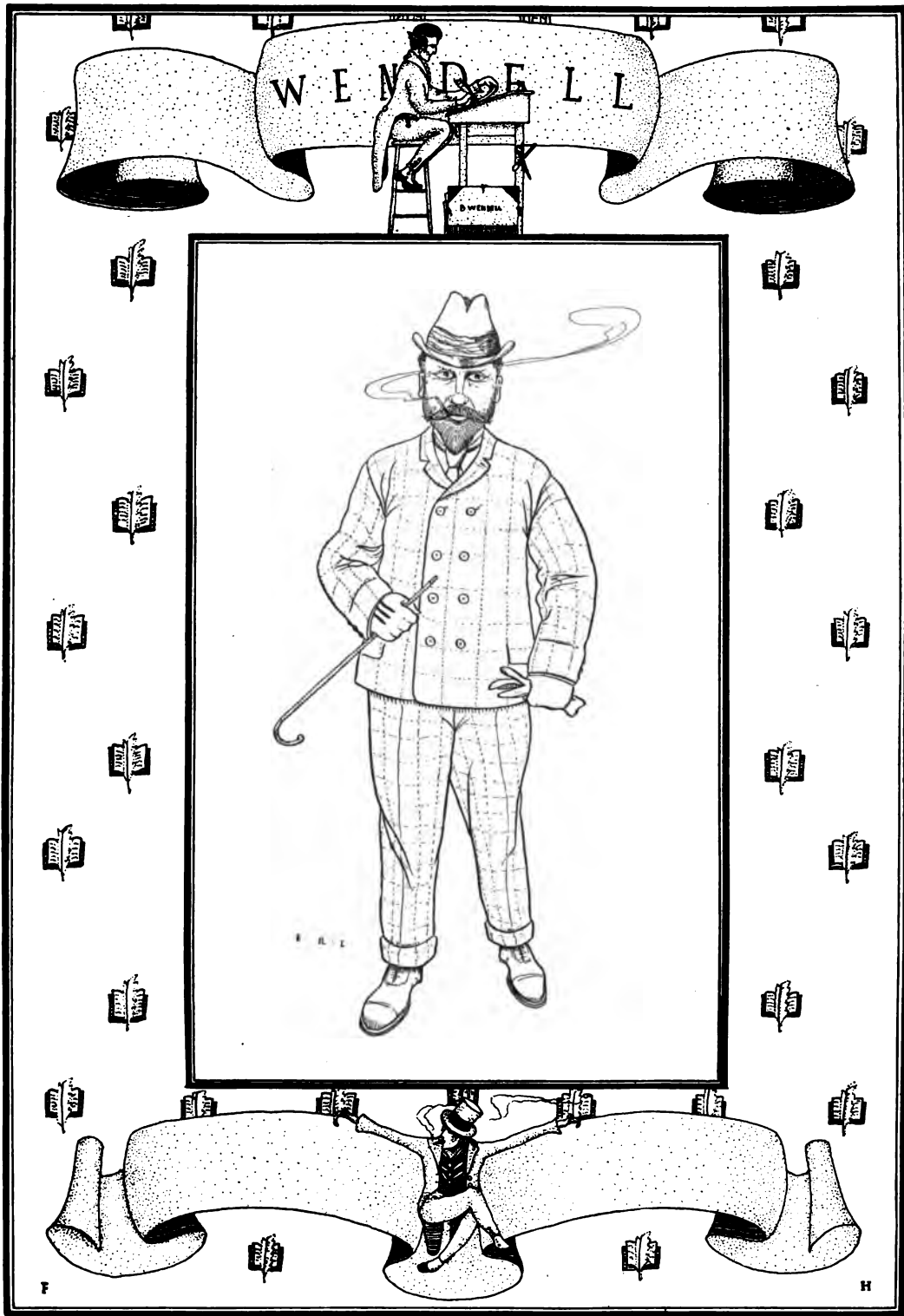
You 'd think you were in "Rotten Row"
instead of Harvard Square.

How palpably inadequate my feeble talents
are

To tell what Harvard culture owes to this,
its guiding star !

Coherence, Mass, and Unity in Barrett are
combined

To edify the vulgar, and abash the unre-
fined.





DWARD, run the next one in —
No, no ! That 's upside down —
Ah, thank you ! This is, gentlemen,
A figger of renown.
Observe the flowing drapery,
The classic head and bust
(In Modern Painters, Volume III,
You 'll find these points discussed).

The thoughtful rhythm of his dress,
The entasis, how fine —
Organic fundamentalness
Expressed in every line!
As Viollet-le-Duc" — but come,
Before we fall asleep ;
I fear you find this wearisome —
And printed notes are cheap.



...



O observer would suppose,
From his unassuming clothes,
This to be the famous Widow whom the
student body knows;
A man of wealth immense,
Yet lacking all pretence,
He makes the Cyclopædia resemble
thirty cents.

He can give the whole of Mill
In one concentrated pill,
Or discourse at moment's notice on the
Freedom of the Will;
He will translate Voltaire
With the greatest *savoir faire*,
And will read Indo-Iranian and never turn
a hair.

Dead or dreaming, drunk or sleeping,
Nolen puts you through,
But gratitude takes early wing when
Nolen's bill is due.





F wit and madness be as like as Pope and
others tell,

Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes
the padded cell.

Those merry quips, those airy jests he
springs in English 8

Mean spinal meningitis at no very distant
date.

And is it all spontaneous, or is it (hush!) a
bluff?

And does he make them up o' nights, and
crib them on his cuff?

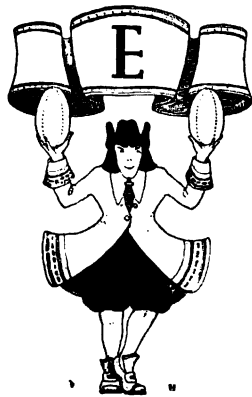
Oh, wicked, clever cynic! How dare you
be so sly?

How dare you read "Peg Woffington" and
make the Freshmen cry?

You bold, delicious joker! You know it,
yes, you do!

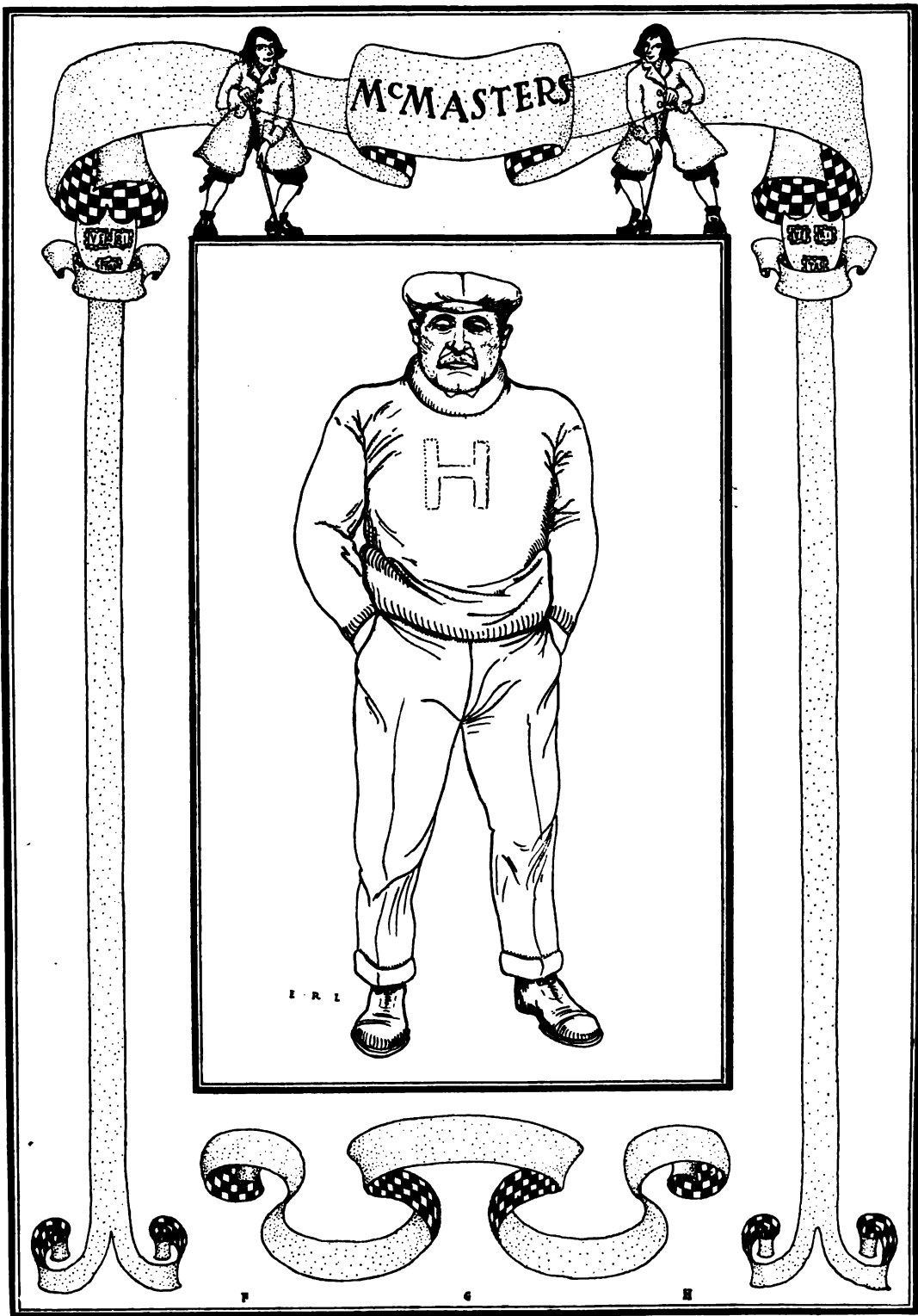
There's but one clever, clever Copey —
and that one is you!

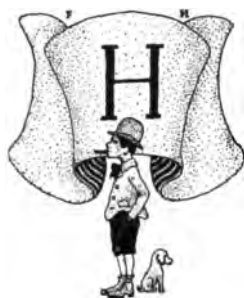




ASY with the fresh water, boys,
And lavish with the salt!"
Who lingers in the lukewarm wash
Commits the deadly fault.
Who shirks his half a dozen laps,
Or fails to bunk at ten,
Will never have the "husk" and speed
To down old Eli's men!

The *Globe* may carp, the *Herald* scoff,
The *Crimson* fret and fume,
And all the coaches wear an air
Of unremitting gloom;
But Jack McMasters' jovial face
Is always full of cheer,
So three times three for Trainer Jack,
And down with doubt and fear!





EY, gimme a cent! Hey, will yer, mister?

Gwan!

Aw, cheest, youse stoodents never has no mon!

Don't give him nuttin'! Say, want me ter dance?

I got a step'll put youse in er trance!

Chure! I kin scrap! Dat feller lick me?

Naw!

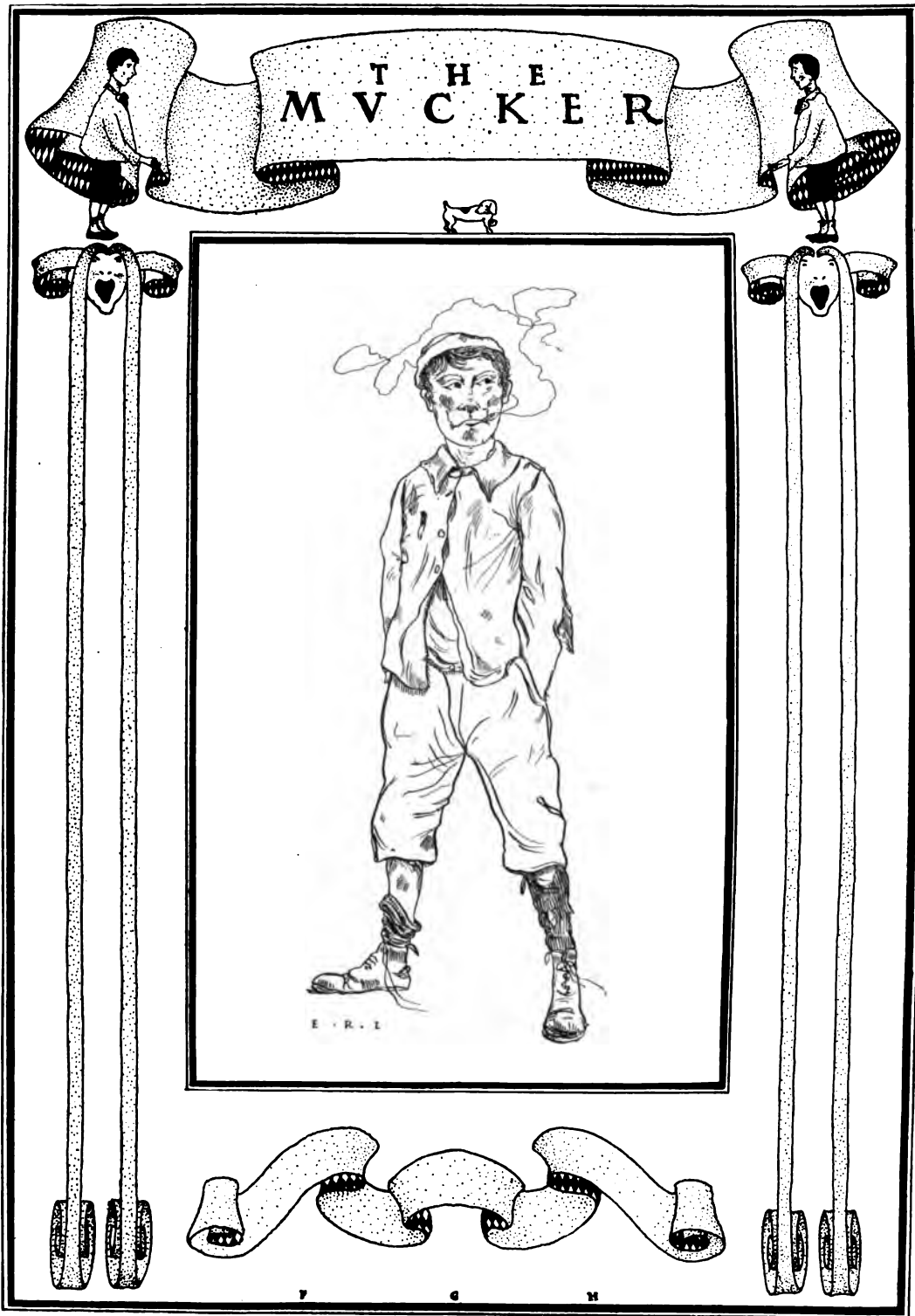
Aw, you kin not! Shut up, I'll bust yer jaw!

I'll lick him fer a nickel! Gimme a dime!

Chure! Bet it on de Ha'vards, every time!

Ah, chure, youse has de change! Youse ain't so swell!

Aw, gimme a quarter, den! Aw, go t'ell! "





F all the sprightly figures that adorn the
college scene,

The most supremely genial is our own be-
loved Dean.

He 'll kick you out of college, and he 'll
never shed a tear,

But he does it so politely that it's music to
the ear.

He meets you in the ante-room, he grasps
you by the hand,

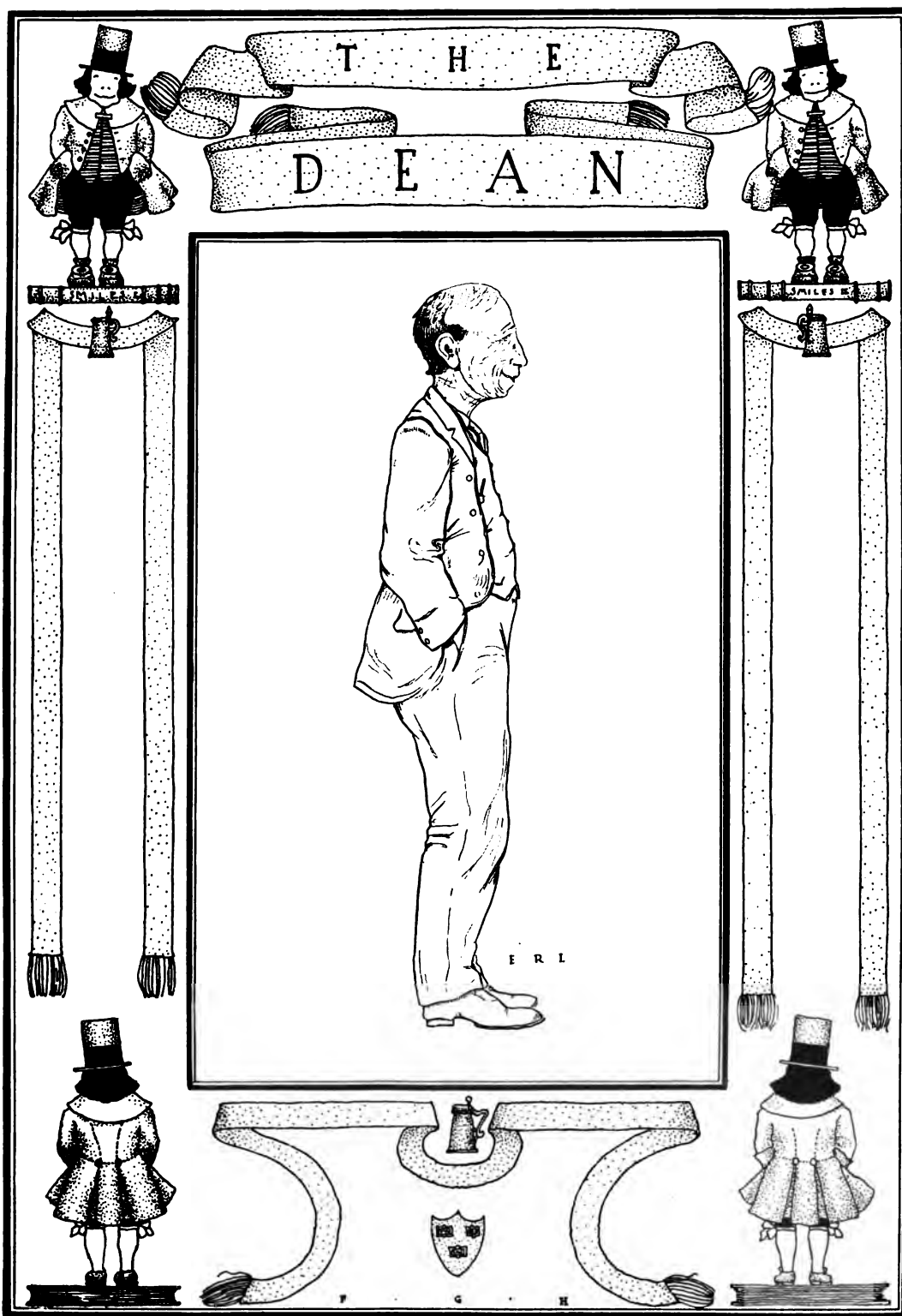
He offers you the easy-chair, and begs you
not to stand.

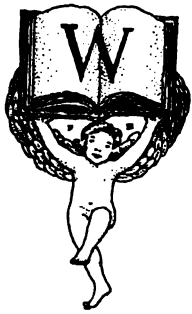
"Good morning, Mr. Sporticus! How is
your Uncle Jim?

I used to know him well at school—you
look so much like him!

And you 're enjoying college? Yes? In-
deed! I am so glad!

Let's see—six Es? Impossible! How
very, very sad!"





HAT a grim and cruel look

Has Mr. Cram !

But he 's really just as gentle

As a lamb.

For without the least suspicion

He will sign your "sick " petition,

And whether it 's a lie or not he does n't give
a slam !

Such a hustling and a hurry

He is in !

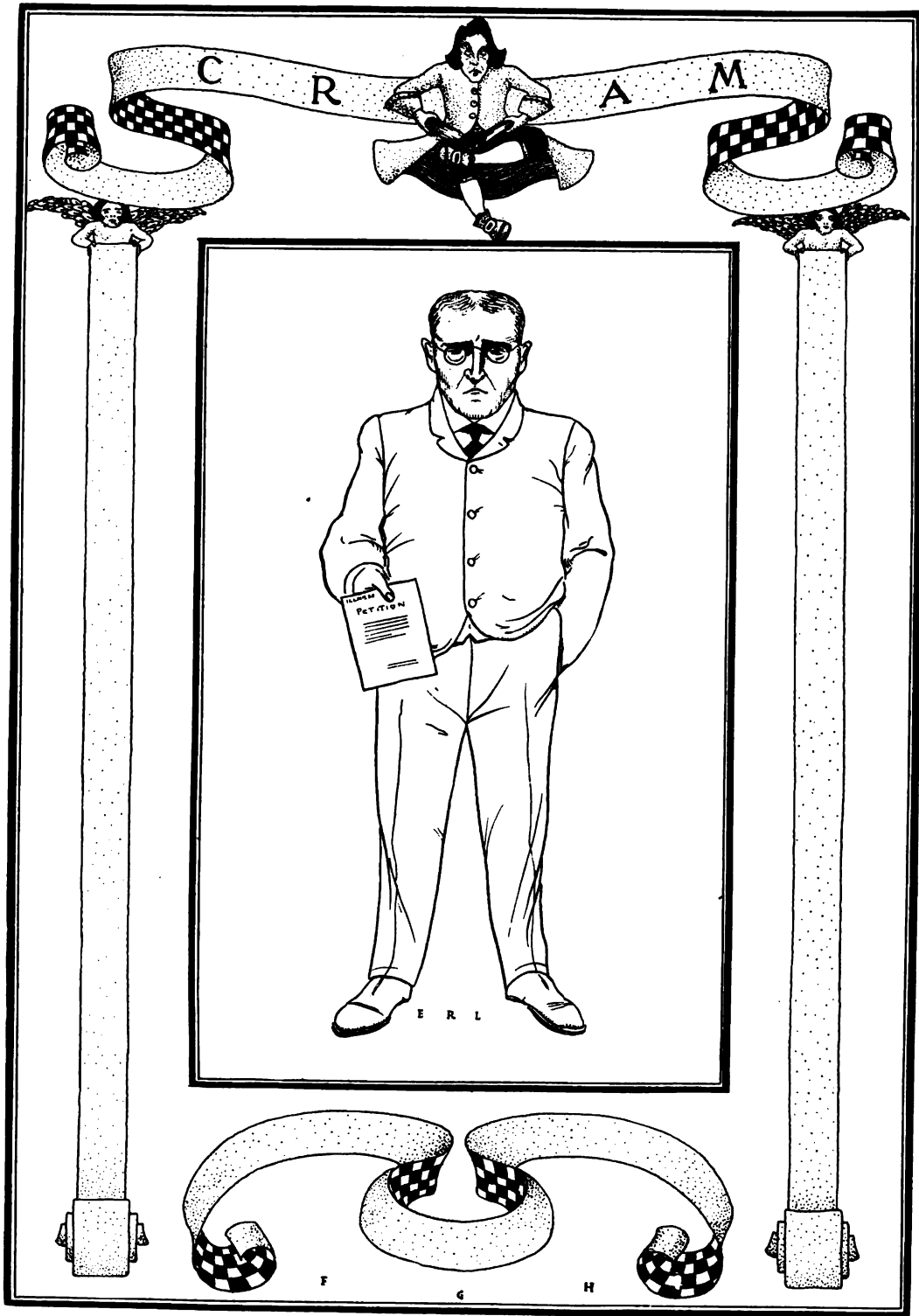
Don't attempt to stop and hand him

Any chin.

"Name, please? You've been cutting
some.

Headaches? Well, don't do it. Come!"

And you take your hat and exit with a meck,
respectful grin.

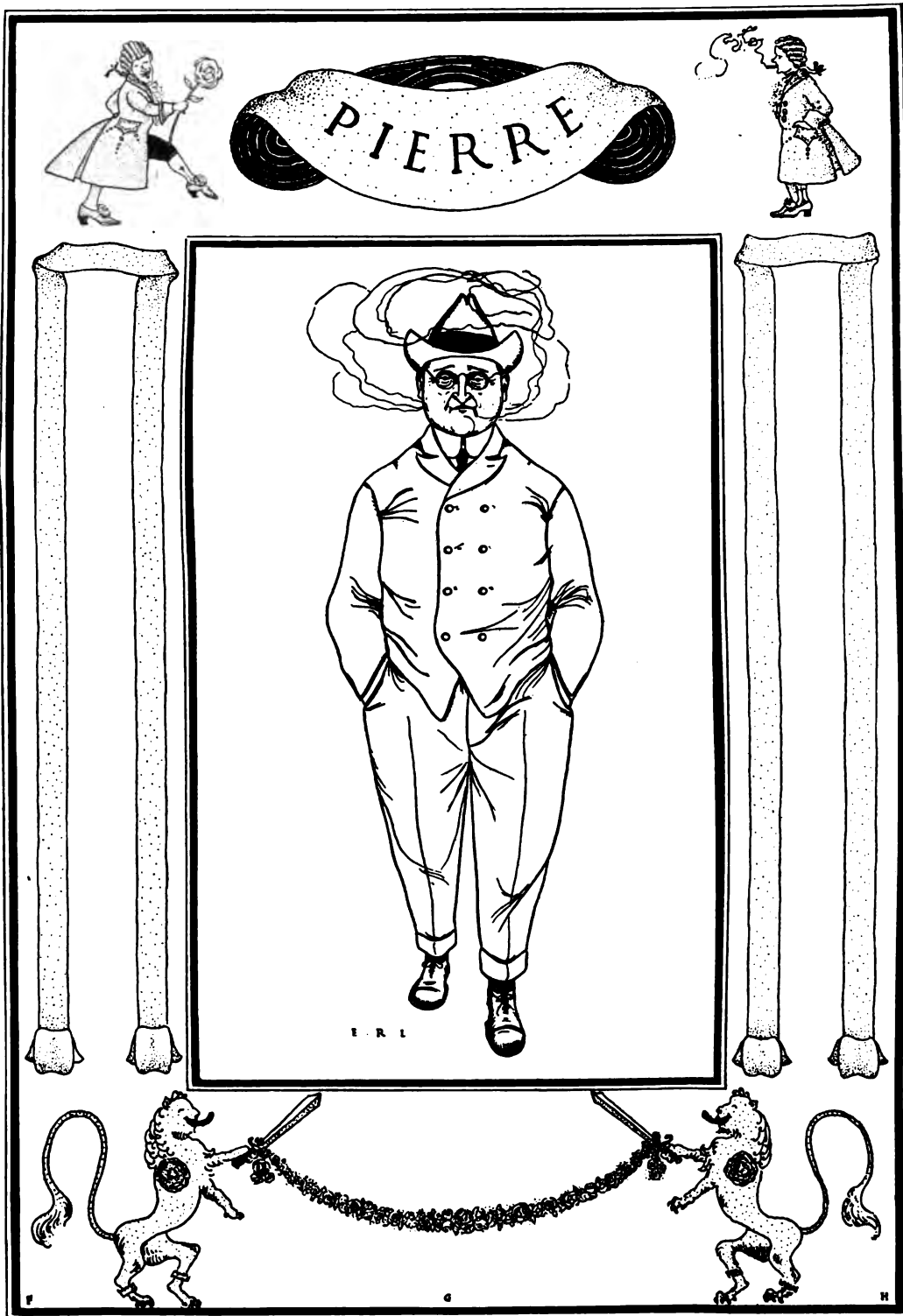




ON Dieu! What is it that it is!
A-walking on the Square?
We'll brush away the smoke—Voila!
Il est le bon Pierre!
He has the figure — is it not?
Petit et débonnaire!

At morn he punctures daily themes
With aphorisms neat,
At noon he “bubbles” with the sports
Upon Mount Auburn Street;
At eve he does the nobby stunt
With Mrs. Jack's *élite*.

See how the Radcliffe maidens turn
To rubber at his clothes;
He has a truly high-life way
Of turning out his toes.
The nifty Prince of Apley Court,
Our dainty, home-grown Rose!



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USHED is the sound of happy Freshmen
voices,

Hushed is the tramp of little Freshmen
feet;

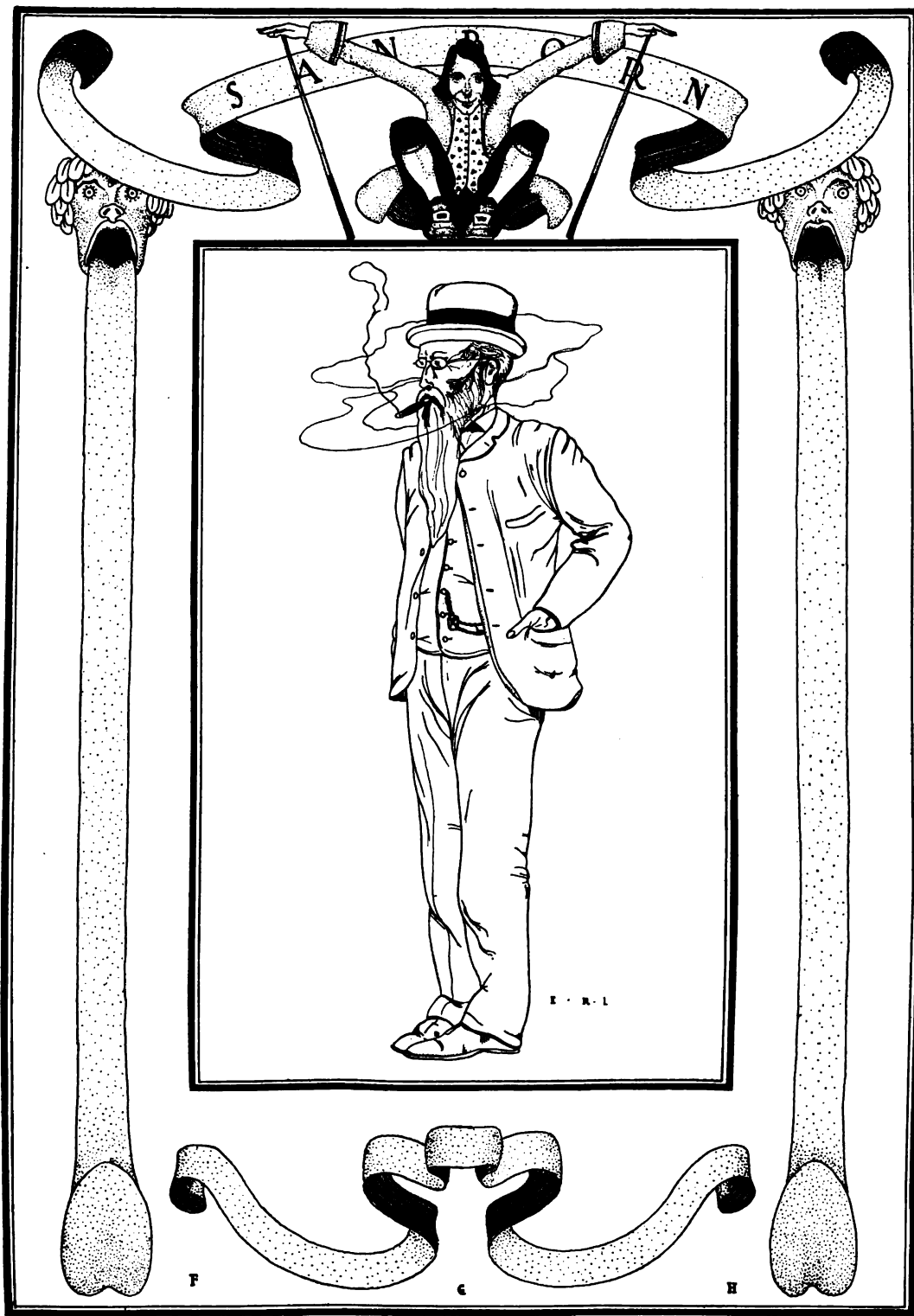
No music cheers the heart of Father San-
born,

Save that of hurdy-gurdies from the
street.

Now idly at the window Sanborn sits,
And gazes out upon the college gate;
The giant billiard balls across the way
Seem but to mock his own unhappy fate.

The Freshmen pass his door, but do not
enter,

On, to the Union, ever flows the stream;
For Sanborn is a monarch without courtiers,
His former glory but an idle dream.





ARD by the ancient grub resort
The honest Poco stands;
He smiles upon each passing sport,
And mildly rubs his hands.
The student guy, of money shy,
Is Poco's easy prey;
There is no green in Poco's eye,
He makes the business pay.

He beats the little Freshmen down
In manner most rococo;
The Clothing Trust of Cambridge town
Is Butekan the Poco.
Since this is true, the thing to do,
It certainly appears,
Is, give your cast-off clothing to
The Student Volunteers!





EYOND the vulgar current of events,
Abhorring things collegiate, doth he stay
(Three blocks above the dead line); far
away

From all that can offend the finer sense.
There meets the eye no crude globiferous
fence,

No Fogg, nor Gore; nor winds its noxious
way

The benzine buggy; there no night-owls
stray,

Or strident clamorous muckers scrambling
cents.

And ever and anon the far-off cry
From Shady Hill — “Back! back!” it
calls in wrath,

“To Ruskin and Rossetti!” But the
herd,

Entranced with brutal sports, hears not the
word,

To Soldiers’ Field pursues its downward
path,

And Art is left to languish and to die.



